

THE BUGS OF BUGLY.

BY JOSHUA F. CROWELL.

(In Five Parts. Part III.)
Rilly Bug and Benny Bug were news boys. Their mother was a widow bug, and poor, so they helped her by selling the Bugly Bi-Weekly Biggle." Each copy of this paper was printed on an aspen leaf, which quivered and shook.

There was an old bug who wanted a "Biggle,"
And at the price he did haggle and higgle;
But after his tongue would waggle and wiggle
For quite a bit
He would take his "Bugly Bl-Weekly Biggle"
And pay for it.

Bennie Bug and Billy Bug were not the only Bugly newsboys. Binty Bug was one, and Buntle, too; and so was also little Boo. They all had trouble with the aspen leaf papers, but Billy's pile was so much larger that when they quivered and shivered and shook they made him quiver and shiver and shake.

The aspens would shake and Billy would quake.
The aspens would quiver and Billy would shiver;
He shook in his walk.
And as for his talk—
All he could utter
Was in a stutter.

"I d-d-on't see," said Billy, "why they don't p-p-p-rint these pa-pa-per-per-pers on ma-ma-ma-p'e-ple leaves, so they won't shake-ake so-so-so." But Mr. Boister Bug, the printer, would only use aspen leaves, because they were cheapest, and Billy continued to shake and quake and quiver and

shiver, until he thought of a plan.
"It's the wind in the leaves that makes
them shake." he said to himself. "It's the same kind of wind that roars in the chimney. I'll put the papers in the fireplace, and perhaps the little winds wi'l go out of them to play with the little winds in the chim-

He tried it the very next day, and no right up the chimney and played the game of litt'e roars with the breezes that were

After that all the papers were so nice and still it was real pleasure to carry them shout. Billy never shook any more and never even stuttered another stut. Then he showed Bennie how to get the wind out of his papers. He showed Binty Bug and Buntie too and also little Bob. too, and also little Bob.

Billy was a kind boy and willing to help others. He might have patented "The Get-ting-Wind-Out-of-Papers Scheme," organ-ized a company, and sold the stock, and the vind also, and become the wealthiest bug in Bugly. But he wanted the other bugs to have a chance to buggle, so he he!ped them all he could, and they were all happy to-

he big bugs thought Billy was "the right kind," and patted him on the back as they ate the morning papers. Mrs. Azubah Bug patted him twice, perhaps because she large appetite for news and always bought and ate two papers!

When Bi ly Bug went home and told his mother how many loving pats he had received she gave him some more, put him to

bed and sald:

"Now. Billy, you must go to sleep.
And sleep the whole long night,
And all the good you've done, I'il keep
And put it in a little heap;
And when you waken with the light
You'll find the world grown fair and bright;
For the little heap of good will grow,
And spread to left and right."

PART IV.

The moon was down, the sun was up. It was a warm summer morn. Little breezes were having games among the tree tops; the distant ocean was turning in the bed of the sea, and giving forth some sleepy roars.

Billy Bug and Bennie Bug had been selling "Biggles." Bennle had just one

left, and he stopped to eat-I mean read "Hurry up!" said Billy.

Bennie wouldn't hurry up, nor down, nor any way.

He read and read. His face got red. He scratched his head— And still he read. At last he said: "The circus is coming,

Bug-ums and Beetleys! Four Paws and Six Legs, Seven-Ring Circus!! Stupendous and Tremendous Grasshopper Hippodrome and Consolidated Coliseum Combined!!! "Eight Ethereal, Aerial Equestrien cts!!! Ten Tawny, Tumultuous Tumblers!!!! Also, a Concentrated Conglomer-ation of W-o-n-d-e-r-s!!" I want to go," said Billy Bug.

"I wish I could," said Bennie. They knew their mother was too poor to give them any money, so they decided to work and earn all they could. They went to Mrs. Azubah Bug, who was the grandest lady bug in Bugly, and had plenty of

real bug money.
Betsey Bug opened the door and escorted them o'er the polished floor. Mrs. Azubah Bug received them graciously.

I will give to you each the price of a ticket. just, you will not miss a wicket. They gleefully began the game. They used no mallets, and for balls each little bug rolled himself up into a ball-bug.

They rolled and rolled here and there.
Thro' many a wicket to fit the stake.
They played the game with greatest care.
But alas' they made a little mistake.

Mrs. Azubah was so sorry they failed at croquet that she agreed to pay them the

They had no saws except their teeth.
So with their jaws they sawed that wood:
They sawed and jawed, and jawed and sawed,
While on their poor little heads they stood.
With feet in air!

With feet in an I de declare.

The declare it was quite a circus to see them do it; lut they worked on and never knew it. At last the wood Was sawed; 'twas good; They got their pay. And went away.

And went away.

It seemed a long time to wait 'till Cir-*Buggle means to earn a bug living.

cus Day, and Billy was afraid they would lose their money, so they hid it in the ground, when no one was around, and Benny wrote the directions for finding it

> A good large lurch, Turn to the right, Till out of sight; There, under the lee Of the film-flam tree. You'll be sure to find The buried mon-ee.

He wrote a copy of these directions for himself, and one for Billy also, on tiny little aspen leaves, which they placed for safe keeping close to their little bug hearts. And when they felt the fluttering of the aspens on their breasts they smiled at each other, knowing their little secret was all right.

(To be continued next Saturday.)

BABY ELISE.

Baby Elise came to mamma in the regular fairy-story way, when Dolly and Mab were about three years old. She was really found in a basket at the front door, late arrived. If any one had said to the little one night, when Bridget was locking up girl, "Ethel, I see a squall coming; look out found in a basket at the front door, late the house. Such a dear little mite of a for it!" the squall would probably have thing, all pink and white, with hair like come all the quicker, unless Ethel had said spun gold and eyes as blue as the sky-so different from Dolly and Mab, who looked twin ponies, with their brown locks and bright black eyes. Of course, when they heard the news next morning, there was great excitement, and the twins were nearly wild with joy. Mamma herself took the baby straight to her heart, rejoicing when the weeks and months passed and no one claimed it.

Meantime, Baby Elise grew prettier and sooner did he place the quivering pile in prettier, and she celebrated her first birth-the empty fireplace than all the winds went day in great style; she had a party and a cake with one candle on top, and she looked on with great good humor, though Dolly and Mab ate up everything, for she could only take milk. And right in the center of the table, in honor of the occa-sion, was the very basket which Bridget had brought into the library on that cold night a year ago, but now it looked different, for mamma had glided it and tied a big blue bow on the handle; she had filled it. too, with white rosebuds—"For my white rosebud nestled there once, she often said.
"And how did we come?" asked Dolly

and Mab in tones distinctly grieved, for they admired the basket immensely.
"Oh! a March wind blew you down and I caught you before you fell," answered mamma with a laugh But this explanation did not satisfy the

"We must have come in something, said Dolly to Mab. 'Course!" said Mab to Dolly, and their

souls were troubled. the same answer ready for them, and every year, too, Baby Elise had her cake with extra candles, and the gilded basket, and the blue bow, and the white rosebuds As the twins neared their eighth birth day they felt that something must be done. They loved their little sister very dearly and were never tired of hearing her story—but they wanted to have a story, too, and felt that theirs was hidden around somewhere. They said nothing to mamma, but they resolved to hunt through the house.

Upstairs and downstairs they peeped in every nook and corner, but in valn—they could find nothing. At last one day they ventured into the cellar and before had gone very far they stumbled over something which proved to be two small peach baskets, one stuck fast to the

"here they are—our baskets! I knew we'd find 'em somewhere." The twins lugged them upstairs and hid them away in the nursery closet, but they looked very dirty and ugly. There was a painter at work downstairs in the par-lor. Doily and Mab consulted him, and the result was that he carried the baskets off one evening when no one was about and brought them back a week later spick and span in their glossy white paint. The twins were jubilant; they made marvelous bows of pink and green —their favorite colors—and tied them on, and then they waited. The eighth birth-day came around; they had a party—with a big cake and eight double candles on the top, and there at the head and foot of the table stood the baskets, filled with flowers-bought with the afternoon pen-

nies they had saved up.

Mamma needed no explanation—she laughed as they put the case before her. but she looked grave a moment later.
"No." she said, gently but firmly, "those never held my bables, though they are very pretty and I will keep them." "But how?" they questioned, still un-

"God had his own way," said mamma, and something like awe stole into the solemn little faces.

Frog Long Imprisoned in Tree.

From the London Mail. While an old horse chestnut stump was being cut down at Lathbury, a live frog was discovered between the bark and the timber, about fifteen inches from the ground. The bark was thick and had grown completely around it, and, writes a correspondent, there was not the slightest hole through which the frog could have

crept in recent years. The tree has shown no signs of life for at least five years past, and on the lowest computation the bark must have had two years The frog must therefore have b cut off in its prison from light and food for at least seven years. It was yellow and small, but in excellent health, and when

ROOF

THE SLANTS

ROOF SO THIS 'IS THE PASTE THE POSTS

CUT

CIRCLE

placed on the grass hopped off.

PASTE POSTS ON ROOF AT "ABC.D

PASTE BAND HERE.

MARCH WINDS.

March has always seemed to me a very unmannerly fellow, even if he does sometimes come in or go out "like a lamb." What I don't like about him is that he is uncertain. You're never sure for more than a few minutes whether he is going to be a lion or a lamb. A very good motto for March is: "Look out for squalls." Another good one is: "Look in for squalls and don't let them get out."

One of the squalliest children I ever knew was a little girl who could be as sumny as the sun. But let anything displease her and, oh, dear! what March winds of passion swept through that plump little body! Fortunately she was considerate enough to wait until she could run into her room and close the door; then the air would be torn with shricks and kicks for about two minutes. Then silence. Then Miss April would appear, smiling and sunshiny, with never trace of blustering winds or rain; and every one would rejoice till the next squall



to herself: "I'll head it off, because the sooner I can control myself the sooner I will get over being a baby." Every year this question came up for discussion and every year mamma had Now, Ethel or Harry, when you feel a March storm coming brace vourself to re sist it. Dare it to come, and instead of breaking down under it, laugh in its face. Say to yourself: "I am no longer a baby—I will not cry—I will not lose my temper. I

will laugh if any one teases me!"

This may be hard at first, but when you have once resisted the temptation to be a baby you have gained strength, and the next time it will be easier The strongest man and the bravest man

is he who controls himself; no one can con-trol others till he masters himself. And the best way to meet disappointment and trouble is with a smile, which means strength.

home; and after being caught brought back "Oh!" cried Dolly, pulling them apart, and punished many times. Their mother

"Yes," said the boys.
"Well," said their mother, "you have dis-

shall the each of you to a tree like that littie calf. where every one who passes by can look over the fence and see you."

The little boys said they would be good.

but children's memories are so small and their forgetories so large that these two soon ran away again. They were caught, brought back, and each tied securely to a tree on the lawn with a piece of clothes line—for all the neighbors to see. Of course it was a dreadful disgrace and they both

until he made himself almost sick, and at-tracted even more attention from passersby. The little fellow, hardly four years old, gulped down his sohs, and dropping on his hands and knees, copied the little calf by eating grass, and frolicking on all fours.

SURPRISING BROTHER.

BY MAY BELL. Brother told me yesterday That I was too small to play: Couldn't reach the lowest shelf; Couldn't even dress myself. Now I'm up before It's light; Brother's eyes are closed up tight Then, I think, he'll let me play.

Two very little boys living in an Iowa city once proved to their friends which of them had the stronger character. The little fellows were fond of running away from

"Do you see that little calf tied to that tree?"

obeyed so often that I am forced to find a new punishment to make you mind. If ever you go alone outside of our gate again I

The older boy cried and kicked and hoxled Which of these little boys do you think showed more manliness and strength and

I'm so sleepy, truly true 'Tis hard work to lare a shoe. And my waist is wrong side out, Don't know how that came about Everything is dreadful still, I'll go back to bed, I will, Shoes and stockings, dress and all, I am really kind of small!

ROOF

DAVY'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

BY W. C. RINGWALT.

Davy had soft golden hair and a cream white complexion. He wore a satin coat caribou. In its native place, which covers of a deep yellow hue, and waistcoat and a large area, being found in Labrador and trousers of a lighter shade. And he lived northern Canada, south of Nova Scotia, in a shining gilt house to match, for Davy New Brunswick and Newfoundland; the was a canary bird.

Now, although Davy had not traveledin fact, had never been away from home Superior, it invariably has a hard time in his life—he knew that there was a owing to the northern latitude. It is, in fairyland. On warm days, after his dear fact, the most northerly of all hoofed anilittle mistress, Dorothy, had climbed up mais, and is well adapted for its life and on a chair on the porch and carefully the arctic climate in which it lives. hung his cage on a big, strong hook, wonderful weird bird notes would come to in many ways. With a well-formed body, him from the trees. Time and again he thick, strong legs terminating in curious almost fell over backward peering up at large hoofs, which are flattened and exthem to discover who was singing to him. panded in such a manner that where, for but as he could not see anything except leaves, he finally made up his mind that they were the voices of fairles, and, waking and sleeping, a consuming desire to visit fairyland took possession of his little

But Davy knew that small birds could not always have what they wished, so, instead of being cross and fretful because his longing was not at once fulfilled, he cheerfully made the best of being kept in his home, and good-naturedly twittered and practiced his singing all day long.

Then one morning a marvelous thing Davy found his front door wide open! Too excited to chirp, he fluttered down from his perch, and the next moment stole out to search for the fairies.

At first the great waves of air almost beat him back, for he was only accustomed to the little ripples that flowed into his cage between the wires, but, like all explorers. Davy was brave, and soon was courageously breasting the air-breakers as they bore him away from the porch.

He had to reuse for breath though and He had to pause for breath, though, and he alighted upon a rosebush. He had

never been on so fascinating a perch, for it swayed in the breeze, yet was very different from his clumsy swing. Then he made a new discovery. Just beyond him, on the same branch of the bush, was the most gorgeous thing imaginable. It semed to be made of rolls and rolls of rich crimson velvet. Davy cautiously slid to-ward it. A delicate fragrance filled his nostrils. His head bent low, then timidly drew back. At last, summoning all his

near! Timidly Davy called to them—one, two, three chirps. For several moments he breathlessly waited, then a mysterious knocking attracted his attention, and as he turned his head in the direction from which the sound came Davy beheld a fairy at last!

The fairy was a most exquisite being! It was almost twice the size of Davy, and wore the most beautiful clothes—an artistic combination of black, white and soft gray, with a jaunty red cap on its bewitching head. But what amazed Davy most of all was the feet that it was accomplished. was the feat that it was accomplishing with the utmost ease. It was actually walking up the straight trunk of a tree, and, at the same time, knocking and knocking with its bill! It all delighted Davy so much that he chirped a little giggle out loud, and instantly another fairy hurried toward him on the ground. This lets was sense. him on the ground. This fairy was even more beautiful than the first, for it work so brilliant a blue costume that Davy's eyes ached with envy, and he could hardly believe his ears, when this heavenly creature invited him to come down and play on

pointed out some enchanted food. This looked like bird seed, only darker, and had funny springs in it, so that it hopped every time Davy tried to grasp it, adding the ex-citement of the chase to the joy of eating. The blue fairy called the enchanted food "bugs," and they slipped down Davy's throat like raw oysters—but highly seathroat like raw oysters—but highly seasoned, for they made Davy's throat extremely thirsty. So the kind blue falry led him away to get a drink of water. And they flew and they flew until they came they flew and they flew until they came into the very heart of fairyland. Here all the trees had low branches, and

he ground was carpeted with moss. in the midst ran a tiny creek with its waters playing an accompaniment to the songs of the fairles hovering near. There were more fairies than Davy's wildly-beat-ing heart could number—small fairies in speckled cloth tailor-made suits; large trains: fairies in brown velvet coats and red waistcoats. But to Davy's admiring gaze the dearest of all was the pet of the fairies, little Midget, with its brilliant green plush dress, its quick, cunning ways,

and its wonderful humming music!

Davy was so absorbed in the novelty and beauty of everything that he did not notice that the fire in the sun had gradual-ly died out, and that the blue sky was led up with little cold gray ashes of ouds. But suddenly he felt something wet splash in his face. He thought that the creek was roguishly throwing water at him, and he tried to laugh the matter off in a chirp, as he hopped farther away from the stream. Then came splash, splash on his neck, his back, his tail. He could no longer make a joke out of so serious a thing. He turned to ask the explanation of the fairies. They were all gone. At last, he awful truth dawned upon Davy. It was raining, and he was lost!

Terrified, he fluttered from tree to tree.

his feet slipping on the wet leaves. He thought of Dorothy's kind way of talking to him whenever he had been frightened or nervous. The rain came down fester. He shivered with the cold. He remembered all the comforts of his dear little home, and how until now he had looked upon them as a matter of course. The great drops of rain pelted film so hard that they made his head ache. He had never had to think before—some one had always watched over him. He grew dizzy and staggered as he tried to walk along the rail of a fence. How stilly he had been to allow even fairles to tempt him to run away! A blackness came over his eyes; there was a catch in his throat, a pain in his heart. He knew that death must be near. Then, suddenly he felt something soft and warm under him, over him, around him, and he was lifted up slowly, gently, tenderly. He gave lifted up slowly, gently, tenderly. He gave a chirp of thanksgiving. The soft, warm thing enveloped him, parted an instant above his head, and, in a bewildering joy, he looked up into Dorothy's kind face.

"Davy!" she cried, with a sob, "I've found you at last! To think that you might have lost your life because I was so care-less as to leave the cage door open—oh, my poor, darling little bird!"

a paper-village

THE BANDSTAND, SAND

JENO OUTWARD! SENO OUTWARD

CUT AROUND THE OUTLINES

AND FOLD WHERE SHOWN AND

ON DOTTED LINES.

JOIN TOILOOK LIKE

MODEL.

MODEL

A CARIBOU'S FOOD.

BY ELLEN VELVIN, F. Z. S.

Winter is always a time of trial for the north of the state of Maine and lower Canada, and the north of Quebec to Lake

A caribou is a peculiar-looking creature instance, the moose would sink and flounder helplessly, the caribou can walk easily over snow and ice, leaving all pursuers far behind, and with a thick, closely

grown coat of fine woolly hair, through which grows a coarse hair which throws off rain, he is fitted to go through anything.

And he can go through anything, provided he can find enough moss or lichen to keep him alive. In his own home he rarely starves, in spite of the snow which often covers the moss. He has a way of nosing up the snow and getting at his food, although in many cases this is diffifood, although in many cases this is diffi-cult and many times almost impossible. happened. After Dorothy had given him breakfast and gone away from the porch, of it in the winter, and when he is taken Dayy found his front door wide open! Too bou moss from Maine-he is very fortunate, if he were only able to realize it

But this winter, owing to the deep snow

in Maine and other reasons, no moss was forthcoming. In vain exorbitant prices were offered if only a small quantity could be procured and sent to the park. None could be obtained, and meanwhile the poor caribou was desperately hungry. Clover hay and all sorts of dainties were offered him in all sorts of guises, but hungry and famished as he was, he would have none of them, and when the animal began to show his bones through his skin and grow weak and ill, considerable anxiety was felt as to keeping him alive at Finally, after a consultation among those

in authority, it was determined, as it ap-peared probable he would die in any case, ward it. A delicate fragrance filled his nostrils. His head bent low, then timidly drew back. At last, summoning all his courage, he put his face down into the crimson mystery. It was soft and sweet, and with its caressing touch came a revelation to Davy, for, as he smelt his first rose, he knew that he had reached fairyland.

The longed-for fairies must be very properly and wandered in any case, to turn him out in the park and see whether by any chance he could find anything to his liking. Very little hope was entertained that he would, but there was just a chance. When first let out he appeared weak and unsteady and uncertain what to do, but after a while, with feeble steps, he betook himself across that part of the park which had been inclosed for him and wandered in any case, to turn him out in the park and see whether by any chance he could find anything to his liking. Very little hope was entertained that he would, but there was just a chance. When first let out he appeared probable he would die in any case, to turn him out in the park and see whether by any chance he could find anything to his liking. Very little hope was entertained that he would, but there was just a chance. When first let out he appeared weak and unsteady and uncertain what is a chance. When first let out he appeared probable he would die in any case, to turn him out in the park and see whether by any chance he could find anything to his liking. Very little hope was entertained that he would, but there was just a chance. When first let out he appeared weak and unsteady and uncertain what to do, but after a while, with feeble steps, he betook himself across that part of the park and a part of the

Having once started his migration, he continued it in much the same manner as he would have done in his own land, ex-cept that he was alone. In patient perseverance he wandered on, followed in the rear by one of the authorities of the park, and after much weary tramping, for he was woefully weak, he bent his head, sniffed at a common-looking weed which grew about a foot from the ground, and interactly with a revenue appetite. and instantly, with a ravenous appetite, ate every tiny piece of it.

It turned out that there were many bunches of this weed throughout the park so that when he had eaten up one part another was marked off for him, and in about a couple of weeks' time the caribou was himself again and seemingly perfectly

contented and happy.

And then the snow came and hid from sight his only means of subsistence, and the poor animal began to get thin and miserable again. Although able to find his miserable again. Although able to find his Maine moss in the snow, for some reason or other he does not seem to be able to find his weed and is now wandering about seeking in vaint for some food. The last I heard of him he had just dropped his antiers and had been put into a corral, and, to the great delight of his attendants, had actually eaten some bread which had been carefully cut up into small cubes and presented to him in a pail. But whether bread alone will keep him allive is a problem which can only be selved by time or Davy, accustomed to the smooth, hard floor of his cage, was like a city child who had trodden only on paved streets, and he found walking on the lawn too amusing for words, for the grass came up to his shoulders, and sometimes, a mischievous blade tickied his cheek. The fairy smiled at Davy's giee, as the two merrily played together. Davy was too awed to talk much, but the blue fairy told him wonderful things about fairy life in the great out-of-doors.

When the fresh air and exercise had made Davy very hungry, the blue fairy pointed out some enchanted food. This

THROUGH TO CHINA.

'Oh, mamma!" cried little seven-year-old excitedly, "guess what I did a while ago?"

"I don't know; what is it?" "Why, I dug and dug out there in the ground, way through to China." "What are you telling me such a story for?" his mother asked, severely. "Well, I did, honest; see?" and he held broken piece of an old plate up for in-

Wildcat Children's Pet.

From the Los Angeles Times. How would you like to have a real live wildcat for a pet? This is what little Elsie Stearns, six months old, and Helen Stearns, aged nine, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stearns of Pasadena, regard as their

dearest treasure. They would rather play with this big California wildcat than with their smaller lomestic cats, and he is just as good natured as any of the rest, too.

Bengal, is his name, and he looks the part, for his marking is very similar to a Bengal tiger's. He is a beautiful animal, three and a half feet long, and very heavy. He is now three years old and powerful, yet as gentle as any ordinary cat. He is devoted to the children. He will lick the baby's hand and face and let her play with him just as roughly as she wishes, with never a growl or sound, and he is also fond of little Miss Helen. He likes women and children generally, but does not care for men. Mr. Stearns says the reason for this is that he has been obliged to tak Mr. Bengal during the summer and shake him up in a bag of insect powder to rid him of fleas. Bengal regards this as a decided insult to his dignity and thinks all men must be responsible for it. He usually

Silver Tips on Pocket Knives.

From the Milwankee Sentinel.

"You wouldn't think that the little Ger man silver tips on pocket knives are cast separately, but such is the case," said Clayton Davis. "Just why they cannot be cut from one large sheet of metal I do be cut from one large sheet of metal I do not know, but every one of these tiny pieces of metal is poured separately, thousands of little molds being required for the purpose in a large establishment. Scrap German silver is melted down and a little aluminum added, the effect of which is to release the oxides in the silver and make it run more easily. The molds are poured 'standing up,' and when the metal hardens the casting is pared off to give it the rounded shape in which it is

"The American boy of the present day is not the whittler his Yankee ancestors are said to have been, but there is plenty of sale for pocket knives, those of good quality being bought extensively. The English and Germans are ahead of us in making tool steel and the result is that making tool steel and the result is that 'Made in Germany' is seen on the blades of knives that are made in Connecticut

OL' MISTO MAWCH.

Ol' Misto Mawch, oh, he blow his trump An' win' wolves come a howlin'; Den de way he sen's dem on de jump Is 'nough to keep dem growlin'. "De kentry's littered fum top to toe-I's got a task befo' me; De rubbish, sho, am all got to go, So clar de way befo' ye."

he stow it down de hollow tree De squirrel's mouty cunnin'); ' some empty shells is all dey see When de win' wolves come a runni



"An yez must niver forgit to raymimber He was no more afraid of a shnake thanthan Paddy here is of his own shadder."

Mrs. Finnigan laid a wet hand on the head of her fourth son as she spake. She was again giving the kitchen floor a scrubbing, which was a terrible event in the Finnigan household, far it was done very seldom. The little Finnigans had learned to dread scrubbing day as they did the measles—and it didn't come much oftener!
But today, being the day before Saint Patrick! Saint Pa with all sizes of feet and shoes in all other children took up the cry, until "Saint stages of wear disconsolately hanging over Patrick" everybody was shouting, and the the edge.

Their only amusement was to silently right and left.

you? I know that's why he looks so sorrowful. Please, please. I'll p I'll pay for Uncle Jack laughed. "Very well, Puss," he sald; then turning to Paddy: "Come on

youngster, this young lady is going to take you inside and says she will pay your way. Do you want to come?" Paddy nodded his head. He didn't dare speak because his mouth was full of sobs. He didn't know where he was to be taken, but anywhere was better than the cold

curbstone. Perhaps it was church—and St. Patrick would be there!
Imagine his surprise when he found he was at the circus! His eyes almost popped out of his head with amazement, for, though he had heard of the circus before, he had never even dreamed of seeing it. Oh, the wonderful horses and riders and clowns and elephants and zebras! How his brothers and sisters would enjoy it; and "An yez must niver forgit to raymimber that it was Saint Pathrick that was th' brave man, an' wid his own shilaly drove all the varmints out it th' ould counthry.

He was no must affail of a shocke than

they were so much shoestring. Paddy gazed with bulging eyes at the ring where the snake charmer was. He didn't even see the trapeze performers or the wonderful bicycle rider. Who but Saint Patrick could handle snakes like that? Now

was his chance.
Standing on his seat next to "Uncle Jack," Paddy put both hands to his mouth to make a speaking trumpet.
"Saint Patrick! Saint Patrick! Saint Pat-



AT THE CIRCUS.

kick each other, for their mother was never good natured when she was "clane," and each offender was liable to have his ears boxed with soapsudsy hands. Terence, the oldest boy, came first. He wore a pair of his mother's shoes, or rather a pair that had been given to his mother. Terence was thirteen and almost as tall as his mother, but when scrub day came he was as mether, but when scrub day came he was as meek as Paddy, the nine-year-old. Mickey was eleven and a half, and Gerald ten. After Paddy, who was a proud boy that day at bearing the great Saint Patrick's name, came Norah and Molly and the

Mrs. Finnigan pulled her pail of dirty seapsuds over under the end of the table, where she could find it if she wanted it again, carefully dried her hands on her blueand-white checked apron, and looked about her at the clowly drying floor with great 'Don't yez put a fut on th' flure till yez see

to the sleeping room to put on her best ets for the very next performance, one for dress and her green veil that had served on each of the children, one for his mother several Saint Patrick's days, to go out to and one for his father, if he happened to see the parade that was to take place that day instead of the 17th, Sunday. Seven pairs of eyes watched the door close, and then looked for the biggest dry spot on the floor.

"It's th' one in front of th' stove," said

"It aln't," said Terence. "It's by the winder, an' I saw it first. "Mine's bigger." still asserted Mickey, whereat Mickey's foot in one of his mother's shoes kicked Mickey's shins so violently that before he quite knew what he was doing he was kicking back just as hard. In turning, its elbow dug in Gerald's ribs, whereat Gerald promptly boxed his

ears. Now Paddy didn't care a bit about the size of the dry spot, and he wasn't fond of fight-ing unless it was absolutely necessary, so he just let the three bigger boys alone— though Gerald boxed his ears, too, just for exercise—and thought of Saint Patrick fight-ing all the snakes in the old country. Terence and Mickey and Gerald, fighting together, forgot their mother's injunction

about the size of the dry spot, and rolled to the floor in a heap. It wasn't the fault of the rickety kitchen table, no, indeed-it wasn't any one's fault; but as soon as the three big boys rolled off there was nothing to balance the four chil dren on the other end, so the table calmly lifted up two of its legs, and the four coast ed off with more speed than grace.

The poor baby, who was three, went splash into the pail of scrub water. Norah and Molly bowled quickly over her head, and Paddy turned two somersaults and landed near the window. Molly and Norah picked themselves up quickly and paddled out of the room toward the stairs following the three older boys,

who, seeing the damage done, thought it safer to be out of the way when their mother appeared. Sure, I didn't do it," said Paddy to himself, as he picked up his little body from the slippery floor and turned to rescue the howling baby. Just then Mrs. Finnigan came rushing in. "Th' saints de'iver us!" she exclaimed.

"What's this ye've been doin', Patrick O'Flannigan Finnigan? I'll teach yez betther than to be wastin' th' water in this way an' frightenin' th' baby into high-strikes!" And she selzed poor Paddy and cuffed his ears soundly. "Don't let me see yez ag'in th' day, ye little imp!" she cried, and cuffing and spanking him again, shoved him out on the stairs and closed the door.

"Wish t' I'd run away, too," said Paddy

mournfully, nursing his ears. His mother's hands were neither small nor soft, "Sure I'd like to find St. Patrick an' ask him whether 'twould be braver to stay than to Paddy's heart was full of rebellion. He had thought he was brave to stay when all the others had fled, and all the reward he got was a severe shaking and whipping. He

would run away, and his mother would not be bothered. She was always saying seven

were too many children, anyway. would go find St. Patrick. Pulling his ragged cap down low to hide the traces of tears, Paddy ran down the where he was going, but just running away.

On and on he went till the toes coming through his old shoes were tired and sore and he had to sit on the curbstone frequent by to rest. People were passing in crowds, children and their big brothers and sisters, their parents and friends, all bound for the big building near where Paddy sat. They were all laughing and hurrying, but Paddy didn't care. He hadn't a friend in the world, and the tears would come, though he tried hard to keep them in.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice be-hind him, and Paddy, turning, saw a beautiful little girl, dressed in furs and velvet and lace. Then, without waiting for an answer, she turned to the gentleman who held her hand.
"Please, Uncle Jack, take him in, won't

When the noise had quieted down a little and Paddy had sunk in a frightened little heap in his chair, watching the clowns carry out the box of snakes to make room for something else, a big boy with brass buttons on his coat came up and touched his arm.
"Saint Patrick wants to see you," he said,

smiling. "Go on, my little man," said the little girl's uncle in answer to Paddy's look, so Paddy went behind the scenes with the brass-buttoned boy.

The snake charmer was a kindly, gray-haired man, with a bright smile for Paddy.

"And why did you think I was St. Patrick?" he asked. "Because you were so brave with the snakes." said Paddy, admiringly, and then he teld him about the kitchen floor and the baby and how he was punished. Before five minutes had passed Paddy and "Saint Patrick" were the best of friends; a dhry spot as big as th' cook stove," she and when, an hour later, Paddy was put cautioned her brood, as she disappeared in- on a car to go home, he carried nine tick-

> And that is how Paddy learned to be rave and forgiving An Inventor's Legacy.

rom Le Figaro. The poor of Paris have just received a singular legacy. An inventor, M. Delaurier, has left to them in his will his patent for nerial navigation without balloons, entitled."Chaudiere Universelle Motrice."



WORD SQUARE.

1. A light giver. 2. Space. 8. To repair. 4.

DIAMOND.

Consonant in "Jasper." 2. Chance. 3. A name. 4. A substance obtained from pine 5. A consonant in "Jasper." My first is in blue, not in red;
My second's in cur, not in head;
My third is in tent, not in house;
My fourth is in cat, not in mouse;
My fifth is in eat, not in drink;
My sixth is in hear, not in think;
My seventh's in cup, not in plate;
My eighth is in nut, not in date;
My minth is in pearl, not in ring;
My whole is a flower that blooms i RHYMING ENIGMA.

ninth is in pearl, not in ring; whole is a flower that blooms in the spring HIDDEN POETS. The teacher is so cross that no one knows how Elsie manages to please her.
 The South Eyrle is the haunt of the flerce engles.
 Lucy will read the chapter to her nunt.

CHARADE.

My first is formal, my second is a flower and my thole is a flower beloved by the poets. CONUNDRUM.





RHYMING ENIGMA HIDDEN POETS.

Southey. 3. Read. NUMERICAL ENIGMA DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Agat E Moder N Earwig

Louis XV and Louis XVI.



